l: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

dabbed the scratch on my forehead and rubbed four drops of blood on his own forehead between his black eyebrows—the old Bedouin "*Nur-ed-Dem*", the "Light of Blood."

In this unusual, dramatic fashion I became, by the will of Allah, the blood-brother of Amir Fuaz.

Our friendship was soon to receive baptism by fire. A band of Ruala, two hundred and sixty-eight warriors, led by Rasheyd-ibn-Whafa, set out on a *ghazu* (raid) into the Hamad and the Wudian region, against the Shammar Bedouins, and I accompanied them. We rode twelve hours the first day. In camp that night we were overhauling our riding-gear, water-skins, and so forth, when to our amazement we discovered, curled up in one of the goat-hair camel saddlebags—huge receptacles made of goat skins—little Amir Fuaz, sound asleep.

Not by the slightest sound or sign had he betrayed to us during the long and hard day's ride that we were carrying a stowaway. Our leader, Rasheyd (of the Muraf Ruala), wanted the boy taken home on the morrow by a camel-rider, but Fuaz pleaded so earnestly that the heart of the old freebooter was softened. He merely sent a mounted messenger to Misha'il's camp to let her know that her son was with us.

We were gone on this great *ghazu* almost two months. When we returned, worn out, having suffered serious losses, yet victorious, Amir Fuaz took four of the booty-camels, splendid fawn-coloured beasts, into the camp, and made them kneel before the tent of his blind mother. Misha'il, still a young woman, enquired pleasantly who was the stranger seeking her hospitality. Custom for-

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576 721 bade asking direct questions of a stranger. A Rueyli called out: "Khalati—it is a great prince who comes, O blessed daughter, to honour thee."

"And where is his *dira* (pasture) that I may send Hamar, our old slave, to proclaim him to our neighbour?"

"His name is 'The Young Falcon', and his dira extends as far as his eyes rove. It is thy son, O mother of Amir Fuaz."

[752] 721 685 648 In this foray, Rasheyd, the leader, had his right hand severed by a sword cut. He fainted from loss of blood. Our slaves then plunged the mutilated arm in boiling fat—a desperate remedy but successful, for Rasheyd recovered. He carried his amputated hand from that day forward in the saddle of his racing-camel. It dried up completely, like the hand of a mummy.

When we reached Bahr Saigal, not far from Dumeyr, the first Turkish fortress in Syria, its Commandant sent a cavalry detachment to our camp. He had been informed by telegraph of our illicit operations in the vicinity of the cultivated lands of Mesopotamia. His troopers were seeking Rasheyd, who was to be made answerable. But Rasheyd could not reconcile himself to the prospect of a Turkish dungeon. He placed his withered hand in a leather bag and dictated to Nauaf's *katib* (scribe) the following letter addressed to the Commandant at Dumeyr:

"In the name of the Benevolent and Compassionate! As *askar* (soldier) I cannot serve thy *Padishah* (Sultan), for I have but a stump of an arm. As thy prisoner I could do no work for thee; nay, as a friend I could not

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it for a moment. When it had passed we saw also a flock of rain-drenched sheep tightly huddled together. Two huge dogs, barking furiously, challenged our approach. From near the fire came a clear female voice: "Who is there?"

Using my wet hands as a speaking-trumpet, I shouted against the wind as loudly as I could: "Friends!"

"And who is with you?"

"Only God," I replied.

"His countenance be upon you, and peace," the voice answered.

A Bedouin maiden stepped forth from a diminutive tent, calling her dogs to heel, as Faris and I dismounted. She took our horses, placed before them a bowl of milk, and gave us permission to come to the fire. It crackled cheerily, though heavy raindrops were still falling, filling the air with acrid smoke. The pigmy habitation beside the fire hardly deserved the name of tent: it was a single piece of coarse goat-hair cloth, a mere rain-screen, at most affording precarious shelter to the shepherdess and her dogs. A lamb and its mother, which had a broken leg, had taken refuge in it. I set and bound the limb with a few twigs and a gauze bandage, the girl meanwhile watching my manipulations with eager eyes.

She must have been sixteen years of age—a beautiful creature, mature, and lithe, like all Bedouin women. Healthy blood glowed in her sun-bronzed cheeks. Her thick, smooth hair and the high-bridged nose betokened the pure-bred Ishmaelite.

In accordance with the immemorial custom of the

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I Meet My Blood Brother Again

All eyes were on the coffee-cook, who raked together 574
the smouldering embers on the hearth and added new 609
dried camel dung. On the silence soon fell the sound of [272]
boiling water bubbling in the capacious long-spouted pot.

The Amir's body-servant, Mnahi—the same who had spread the rug of greeting—took a stick of incense from a fold of his head-cloth, broke off a piece and placed it on a glowing dung-ember. Through the black roof-cloth filtered faintly the sunshine and wove a pattern of lights and shadows on the ground. Courtiers, warriors, and slaves formed a solemn, silent semicircle. Facing these squatting figures, Mnahi alone was on his feet; he had taken his post on his master's left and stood there, erect and motionless, one sinewy black fist on the silver hilt of his sword.

I stole surreptitious glances at my host. His *kaffiyah* framed an effeminate type of face, oval, with regular features and a high-bred, slightly aquiline nose. The dark eyes, brilliant and very large, were set beneath wide thick brows and a rather narrow forehead. When he smiled, dazzling white teeth showed under the small black moustache. The more I looked at this romantic young man, the more I recognized in him that spirited little blood-brother of mine in the long ago. It required an effort of will to restrain my impatience and not to declare myself forthwith; but I had to await the fitting moment. So far, no one had uttered a word. All seemed to be interested exclusively in the cook, still puttering about his hearth. In desert etiquette it is a gross breach [576] of courtesy to ply a guest with questions about himself.

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the herders, the shrieking of women and the whining of children. Scattered here and there among the ever-widening lines of advancing camels rode armed men, convoying their families. Thus out of apparent chaos arose the disciplined order of a general tribal migration, pushing forward into the uncertain wilderness.

As Amir Fuaz rode forward with me, past the marching columns, we were greeted from all sides. Tribesmen trotted across to cry hail and good fortune to their war lord. Slaves dismounted and kissed his feet or pressed their faces against them with a blessing. Women and girls shouted shrilly their "Zaraghrit!" or cried ecstatically: "Allah strengthen thee! Go thou before the countenance of our Lord! Ya el-'Adi—O dispenser of bounty. Long life to thee, our Prince! God grant thy wishes!"

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visited the grave of the old Hero-Chief, Turki ibn Meheyd, at Aklat Suab. 769

As an offering to the memory of his forebear (Turki was killed in battle against the Ruala, although his daughter Turkiyya was married to the Ruala chieftain, Sattam ibn Sha'lan) Ibn Meheyd had sacrificed a fat camel over the grave: "So that Allah might read his heart and give him victory over the Ruala." This is a heathen, pre-Islamic custom of the Arabian Bedouins.

It would seem that Ibn Meheyd and his vassals had made not only material, but also spiritual preparations for a decisive war against the Ruala. 619 721

Our enemies were now assembled, and the conference of the chiefs was in full swing when we arrived.

Ibn Meheyd looked aged and the bitterness of his thoughts had hardened his features. This unpleasing impression was deepened by his beard and eyebrows, which he had dyed black. [302]

A thick woollen shawl enveloped his head and throat, despite the warm sunny day. He had been a sufferer for years from a wasting fever which he, like so many other Fid'an Bedouins, had contracted in the unhealthy lowlands of the Euphrates. [64]

On our appearance Ibn Meheyd had risen and taken a step forward, but on recognizing the familiar faces of his enemies, he turned back and beckoned to the leader of his Negro bodyguard. Even to me he had not given the customary salute, but only swept me with a black look. Fortunately, I perceived at once that we had put our heads into a hornet's nest, and I whispered to my 619 721 576

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619 721 576 friends on no account to step within the circle of the *shiyukhs* without me.

No word of greeting or otherwise had come from these. Some turned away with ostentatious disdain. Ibn Meheyd, with his back to us, was excitedly whispering into the ear of his black body-servant, who was listening with bent head. The men of the bodyguard stood with eyes fixed on those two, their hands round the butts of the pistols in their belts, ready to draw.

Meanwhile, more by instinct than design, I seated myself close to Ibn Meheyd and motioned Faris and Mijhem to sit down too. (Abd el-Karim and the two slaves were waiting in our motor-car.) Furious ejaculations burst from every mouth at the liberties I was taking. At the sound, Ibn Meheyd turned in surprise; silently he regarded Faris and Mijhem with lowered brows and sinister eyes. I divined, nay, I could feel the murder in his mind. One sign from him, and there was an end of my friends; perhaps of me too.

There was not the fraction of a second to lose. Hailing the despised "coffee-cook" by the hearth, I called out to him: "O boy—strength to thee!" The old Negro looked up, startled, but did not dare to answer me; he only rolled his eyes timidly back and forth between me and his master. Suddenly Ibn Meheyd made a sign and his guardsmen drew their pistols. The last fragments of my courage and self-possession dropped from me and my knees trembled. But—the pistols were not levelled. Faris and Mijhem had been quicker than the guard. With great presence of mind they had whipped out their revolvers and had Ibn Meheyd covered before the black-

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amoors could take aim. And this they dared not do now.

This coolness helped to restore my own composure and I cried to the cook reproachfully:

"Is it forbidden in the house of Ibn Meheyd to present the cup of peace to the guest who has alighted at his sanctuary?" The old Negro dithered, as he reluctantly reached for the small china cup that was placed upside down on the handle of a big coffeepot to dry; he turned his face anxiously towards his chieftain. Unwilling to wait any longer, I jumped up and went quickly to the hearth, helped myself to the cup, took the pot from the bed of glowing embers—it burned my fingers cruelly, but I bit down the pain—and poured out the customary measure. Then I went up to Ibn Meheyd and presented the cup to him with the salutation of peace. He looked at me with bowed head from under lowered lids.

He must obey the Law of the Desert; he must take the proffered cup. Nor could he play with the lives of my friends without forfeiting his own. At the first aggressive move, he would be riddled with bullets, for Faris and Mijhem still had their pistols trained on him. He turned from me, but I put my hand on his shoulder: "Peace!" I said. He turned round again, a fanatic light in his eyes; but, despite the angry face, he now opened his lips to bid me peace and asked me to sit in his own seat.

Then, and not till then, Faris and Mijhem dared to put up their weapons; the word "peace" had been formally pronounced by the host. Slaves heaped cushions for us against the camel-saddle.

Ibn Meheyd himself then took the coffee-cup from

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619 721 576 the slave's hand and presented it to me with, "Welcome! May it please thee!" Twice he repeated these words, which are a guarantee of peace and safety. Then Faris and Mijhem also drank with him.

ooo To us, used to the ways of Western civilization, such a train of events and their result must seem incomprehensible. But after one has lived a length of time with the Bedouins, one learns to understand that the unwritten laws of the Bedouin social code are closely adapted to the conditions of life in the desert and have sufficed, from time immemorial, to meet its manifold circumstances. Without these rules of the game, indeed, all human life in nomad Arabia would have become extinct long since.

619 728 After I had asked, and Ibn Meheyd had granted me, leave to speak, I set forth the object of my mission and exhorted the assembled *shiyukhs*, with what persuasive eloquence I could muster, to make peace with the Ruala, and, as in former years, share the grazing-grounds like [186] brothers. I dwelt on the advantages of unity and the evils of dissension, and drove home my argument by pointing out that by their present policy they were only playing into the hands of foreign powers, who, after all the Bedouin tribes had been weakened individually, would encompass the complete destruction of them all.

My exhortations and arguments were received in cold silence. Most of the chiefs sat with bent heads and tapped the ground with their camel-sticks in apparent boredom. I felt pretty sure, however, that their indifference was assumed, and I would not let myself be dis-

1: Raswan I-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

into the harem, to wait there until her bridegroom should call her. 585

Therewith the simple wedding ceremony was ended. We, who had been with Faris to witness the arrival of the bride, now rose to go.

The first stars were glittering over the hills when I stepped outside. The black tents in the valley melted into the deepening darkness of the evening.

The herds were wending their way homeward, their silhouettes now showing as they cross high ground, now sinking out of sight in the hollows. . . .

As my friends departed from the tent, each called out to Faris, according to Bedouin custom: "Vigour! And God be with thee!" [576]

Behind the partition that closed off the women's apartment Tuëma was waiting for our going. When the last farewell was uttered, she pulled the middle tent-pole from its position and laid it on the ground. The roof bulged and drooped low in the middle, almost touching Faris's couch, but the lateral supports and the taut stays kept the rest of the tent fixed at about a man's height. It was the sign to any passer-by that a bride was with her bridegroom.

That night Faris died. When we came to his tent next morning, Tuëma was lying unconscious beside her dead lover. 764

A stone's-throw from the tent a few slaves were busy digging his grave.

As we committed our dear brother, lying on the white

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152 609 under him. Argument was useless; I could do only one thing, appeal to his Bedouin sense of honour. "These men whom thou dost behold," I said, "have wholly refrained from shedding blood. And they have accompanied me in the confidence that thou wouldst grant them freedom and safety, for the sake of the friendship between thee and me."

The young *sheykh* had no word of reply for me, but his eyes spoke eloquently enough. They were full of hate and unbridled fury. Spasmodically he wheeled his poor mare in circles around me, himself driven by the pent-up storm within. I cried out to him at last to master his wrath and be his true self. Suddenly, he cantered back to his camel-riders, waiting some distance away. I felt with instinctive certainty that the fit of rage was over, and that my Fid'an wards were safe. In spite of all, I could not help admiring him. Fuaz might have said to [577] me: "Forget, Aziz, that you intended to put these robbers under my protection." But I had uttered the word *dakhil* (protection in the sight of God) in my appeal. No human ears had heard it except Fuaz's and mine, yet God had heard; and that was binding on a Bedouin conscience—even that of a robber chief.

609 I assured the Fid'an that Amir Fuaz had taken them under his protection, and they had immediate confirmation of this when they saw the Ruala riders dismount and proceed to make camp. The Fid'an in their place [576] followed suit. For reasons of ceremony, I remained with them for the time being. Presently Fuaz, accompanied by some of his men, strolled over and sat down by the Fid'an campfire. Nobody could have guessed from his

2;Musil S-4, 5 (no date) 1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

302 thus plaited and dressing with some taste, *walad jenṣob*, is
305 called a *ǧâhel*. In the case of men not wearing plaits the barber cuts the hair, *šûše*. His work finished, the barber salutes the shaven one with the words: "May'st thou preserve thy health and capture camels! *eslam w-ernam al-bel*." The answer is: "May Allâh reward thee! *âǧerak 'al-allâh*," the barber adding: "May Allâh receive thee into his mercy! *sâmaḥk allâh*." The common barber is nearly always an independent, *ḥorr*, Bedouin. He shaves for a good word, not for
● [576 pay, and must, therefore, be thanked, for nothing is more
181] disagreeable to an independent Bedouin than discourtesy and ingratitude for favors or services rendered; therefore the saying: "Bitter is the fatigue of a free Bedouin, *ṭa'ab al-ḥorr murr*."

Long plaits are the pride of a childishly vain Bedouin, *ǧâhel*, and often lead to his undoing. When pursued, he can be easily captured if the enemy catches hold of his plaits. For not only is he unable to escape, but his enemies can bind his hands behind his neck with his own hair and, besides, tie one or two plaits around his leg above the ankle. Hence the saying: "Thy hair is thy snare, *râsak 'arâṣak*." Mindîl al-Ḳaṭ'i, my companion, told me that he was once caught by some men of the Tûmân clan of the Šammar tribe, whose camel he had tried to steal, and was bound by his own plaits. When they dismissed him the next day, they cut the plaits through. From that time Mindîl has worn his hair short, *šûše*.

302 When the Bedouin catches a thief, whether afoot (*ḥâjef*)
685 or mounted (*mu'ajjer*), from a tribe with which he is at war, *ḳowmâni*, he cuts off a piece of his plait, accompanying his action with the words: "I let thee go free for Allâh's sake, *ana mu'težk lillâh*," and adds: "If I catch thee again, I surely will cut off thy chin beard; *in ḳaṣabtak laḳoṣṣ laḥîtak*." To cut a man's chin beard is, in the popular idea, as
302 bad as cutting off his head, *laḳṭa' râsak*. It is much easier
628 for the relatives of a murdered man to forgive the slayer than for the kinsmen of a Bedouin insulted by having his beard cut off to be reconciled with the culprit. Sâbel an-Nuṣejri of the Rwala once went to the Beni Ṣaḫr tribe to seek his two she-camels which had been stolen from him, *naḳiṣa*, some time before. He bore a letter of recommendation for the chief, given him by Prince Saṭṭâm, who asked the chief either to return to Sâbel his animals or to see to it that he

Šenne is the piece of an old, thoroughly dried hide which is stretched over the round hole of the violin-like rebec. It forms the sounding space and vibrates whenever the bow is drawn across the strings. *Rîḥa* means, properly, a vile and *benna* a pleasant odor. *Ǧallâb* is a merchant who does not sell for money but furnishes the women with perfumes and ornaments, taking from them camel's hair, traveling bags, *mezâwel*, fancy saddle bands, *sefâjef*, etc., in exchange.

Jâ hêh jâ râčeb al-ʿaṭli
sallem w-rudd as-salâmâti
sallem ʿala-lli nwa žatli
ḳul lâ lâ ḥajjen w-lâ mâti.

Hai to thee, who ridest a bony camel,
Salute and the salutes return!
Greet him who has resolved to destroy me,
And say I neither live nor am dead.

ʿAṭi (or *ʿaṭel*) is a bony camel. *Rudd as-salâmâti*, return the salutes—the visitor first salutes all present and is in turn saluted by each of them separately; he again answers every salute. To the ditty just cited the Rwala add the following:

w-ṯnejwâteh teḳel šatli
w-nhejdeh bêẓ al-ḥamâmâti.

Her teeth are like grains of rice
And her breasts round as the eggs of a pigeon.

Judged by its content this verse does not belong to the ditty; it may be a fragment of another with a similar rhyme.

Šatli is the same as *ḥabb ar-ruzz* or *ḥabb at-tummen*, grains of rice or of *tummen*.

Al-waǧd waǧdi ʿala dbajje
waǧd al-abkâr al-maʿâṭîši
dâǧen w-lâǧen ʿala-ṭ-ṭajje
w-al-maʾ baʿiden w-lâ nîši
jâ ḳrûnaha jâten al-mijje
miṯl as-sefâjef ʿala-l-ǧîši
jâ nhûdaha bêẓ ḳudrijje
taẓfi ʿalejh al-ʿačârîši.

2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

find a girl to marry him, owing to the fear that he would beget cowards like himself. The pastures on the river Sâğûr are called by our poet *ʿaḏra*, besmeared or polluted, because they are defiled by the excrements of countless flocks. No Rwejli would buy a mare from the neighborhood of the Sâğûr. 4. Turki eben Mhejd, head chief and commander of the Fedʿân, once gained a victory over the Rwala but was soon afterwards attacked and killed by them. Therefore he could not digest the mouthful he had won by his victory. *"Hanijjan,"* meaning: "Your health, well may it become you!" is the common way of addressing one who has just taken a drink of water. Nobody spoke in that way to Turki, *mâ-htanaʾ bah.* 5. Abu Nawwâf is the prince of the Rwala, an-Nûri. Âḏân are the members of the Âl Iḏen kin. *Šîǰâbe*, beasts of prey or wolves, is the name given to the members of the reigning house of Eben Nâjef, relatives of an-Nûri.

In Honor of the Author

1. *Abdi bḏičr allâh ʿala kill nijje*
   rabben čerîmen ʿâlimen bel-ḫafijjât
2. *jâ râčeben min fowḳ ḥamra ṭenijje*
   ḥorra hamîma min erčâb aš-šarârât
3. *mâ sâmaha-š-šarrâji bʿedâd mijje*
   w-lâ nawwaḫat leš-šêl dowmen maʿfât
4. *mirbâʿaha beṭrâf neǧd al-ʿaḏijje*
   tarʿa zahar nawâr ward aḏ-ḏwâbât
5. *fowḳah šdâd w-al-mijâreč zehijje*
   w-sefâǰifah lebb al-brîsem ḫalijjât
6. *maddat min bejten ʿelûmah ṭarijje*
   aš-šejḫ šejjâl al-ḥmûl aṭ-ṭeẓilât
7. *min bejt abu nawwâf ḏîb as-serijje*
   zejzûm meǧles čâsebîn an-nefâlât
8. *fowḳah ṛlâmen mâ jiḫâb ad-dwijje*
   jowṣel čalâm lidjâren baʿîdât
9. *elja lefejt adjâr hâk-as-semijje*
   ebdi-l-bešâra w-zid minna-s-salâmât
10. *ḳel ḥorren lefa min ʿendakom leh nwijje*
    neǧmen šebîh as-shejl mâ beh ṛabâwât
11. *bâǧ al-bilâd al-ʿâmra w-al-ḫalijje*
    beʿaḳl raǧiḥ mâ jihâb al-ʿasirât

576 When a man does a kind act for another, the recipient acknowledges it with the words: "*Mâ alḥaḳ ǧezâk, mâ eǧâzîk beǧmîl miṯl ǧemîlak.* I am unable to reward thee. I cannot do thee such a good turn as thou hast done me."

539x

Li fâṭeren mâ ṭ'aḏri
w-an-naḏel mâ testwîlah
jaḥram 'alejha-ṭ-ṭhaẓẓri
w-al-bâb wa-lǧat naḥîla
tefraḥ elja ǧît aǧri
w-al-bišet jowmi šelîla.

I have an old camel that needs not make excuses.
A coward cannot govern her.
Forbidden to her is the settlement,
The gate and the rustling of palms.
She rejoices when I gallop to her
And signal to her with the hem of my light mantle.

1. *'Asa-l-ḥaja jeszi mawârîd majḳû'*
   jeszi-l-želîb aṭ-ṭâref ma' maraddeh
2. *ḥejṭa maḳarr lel-farâžîn w-an-nǧû'*
   w-killen jwallem leh maḳâm w-'edde
3. *šifet al-ṛâzi ṭowbeh 'an as-sâḳ marfû'*
   mutmašleḥen lirša' jabṛi jišiddeh
4. *w-allâh jâ lôla-l-ḥabel maṭni w-marbû'*
   mâ ṭâwa' al-laḳḳâj low ḳâl ruddeh
5. *ḥasszejt îdi min al-'azed lil-kû'*
   raddejtaha bil-jowm tis'în radde
6. *waddak tebîḥ as-sedd 'ala miṯl ǧedû'*
   karmen elja šâf al-ḫana' mâ je'addeh
7. *zabn aḏ-ḏelîl elja haba' kill manzû'*
   sejfen šaṭîr w-jiḳṭa' ar-râs ḥaddeh
8. *ḳel en čân ams miṯl al-jowm mâ massâni ǧû'*
   w-ašûf ḥâli bšaḥam mustareddeh
9. *alli-skâni min ṭanâjâh ḳarṭû'*
   jâ ṣwejḫbi wa'-ḥlêl ḥebb al-mwadde
10. *w-allâh laḥalli ben-nezel ṣâje' w-maṣjû'*
    w-allâh laḥalli kill bedd jetla' lebeddeh.

1. May the rain fill the watering places at Majḳû'
And fill to the top the first well from which the rope returns with the buck

CHAPTER XVII

PROTECTION OF THE OPPRESSED

COUNTENANCE OR *WAĞH*

572 486 Protection granted by a man against his tribesmen or allies to a person regardless whether present or not is called a countenance, *waǧh*. Before the countenance of some Rwejli it is possible to travel through the whole Rwala territory without fear of an attack or of violence. Before the countenance of Prince an-Nûri one may cross not only the Rwala territory but also that of all other tribes which acknowledge his sovereignty. It is said of the prince that he resembles a long branch to which smaller twigs are attached.

486 622 576 Whoever wishes to travel through the territory of a powerful chief goes first to him with the following request:

"I desire to ride through the pastures of thy tribe, so grant me the protection of thy countenance." If the chief answers:

"Undertake thy journey in peace! Behold, I give thee my countenance, *midd ma' as-salâme tarâni e'ṭîk waǧhi*," he may start as tranquilly as if accompanied by the chief himself.

If a man wishes to visit the territory of a strange tribe and has no comrade, *ḫawi*, of that tribe to go with him, he declares in the presence of some respected men of the neighboring tribe: "Behold, I go on a lengthy journey before the countenance, under the protection, of Chief So-and-So whose territory I shall soon enter." Then he continues his journey. When he meets the first members of the tribe in question, he shouts at them from afar:

"Behold! I travel under the protection of your chief." Should they disbelieve and rob him, he still tries to reach their chief, to whom he complains:

"I undertook this journey before thy face! *maddejt bwaǧhak*."

The chief, disliking complications, replies: "That is a lie, *čiḏeb*." But the plundered man continues:

"I undertook this journey before thy face, as So-and-So from the Such-and-Such tribe, whose word is believed, *raǧâlen ma'ḫûḏen čalâmahom*, will testify."

2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

Then the chief must send some one to the persons named to find out whether such is the case. If the messenger comes back with a report that the traveler has spoken the truth, the chief is obliged to return to him everything of which he has been robbed. Should he fail to do so he would dishonor his countenance, and his disgrace would spread all over the desert, with the result that his tribe, ashamed of the affair, would depose him.

To refuse his countenance or protection to any one is a disgrace, as it is, likewise, to ask for a reward when granting it; for the face must remain clean, must not be stained with any dirt *al-waǧh naẓîf mâ jaršâh ad-danas.*

The famous Rwejli warrior Fhejd eben Ma'abbe. had his camp in the Damascus territory, and yet he successfully protected a Šammar woman who appealed to the protection of his face. She camped with her husband in Neǧd by the valley of ar-Rma'. Her husband, becoming angry with her for some reason, began to beat her. Then she started to cry:

"Jâ fhejd jâ ba'ad ḥajji." Thus young women call for protection, the meaning of the words being that the woman will submit to her protector in everything. Her husband was not a little surprised at that:

"Tell me, my comrades, how can my wife call on Fhejd when he camps a month's journey from us? *tenḥa 'alejje fhejd w-hw msâfet šahr zamânen 'anna."*

Yet some 'Aḳejl camel buyers just then in camp heard the Šammar woman's cries and spoke about it in the various camps to which their business brought them, the report of the incident finally reaching Fhejd himself. Ordering his slaves and fellow tribesmen to assemble for a raid, he rode around the Nefûd on the east and in about twenty-five days reached the camp where the woman was living. There Fhejd declared that he would harm no one if they showed him the husband's tent. When they showed him both the tent and the man, Fhejd set his she-camel running, stabbed the man with his spear in the thigh, and said to him:

"Thou filthy beast, didst doubt that thy wife has my protection? If thou harmest her again, I will kill thee." After this Fhejd returned to his people, meeting them in the Sirḥân depression.

If it is a matter of common knowledge that the head chief has lent a traveler his face or if the latter is accom-

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572 panied by a *ḫawi* (or *ḫâwi*) and, nevertheless, some member of
486 the chief's tribe or a fellow tribesman of the *ḫawi* attacks and
635 robs him, the culprit is punished with far greater severity
than if he had committed murder, *taḳṭi' al-waǧh aṣ'ab min*
[683 *ḍabḥat az-zelema* (sic). For in a case of murder the blood price
628] is fixed by ancient custom, whereas a chief or a *ḫawi* and their
kin may ask any compensation they wish for the corruption
of the face. Of such unlimited demands every robber is very
much afraid, and therefore, although he often beats the *ḫawi*
soundly and curses him, he always returns to the traveler
all that he has robbed him of and begs him to swear in the
ḫawi's presence that none of his property is missing and to
forgive him.

THE *ḪAWI* OR COMPANION WHO PROTECTS TRAVELERS

486 If the traveler distrusts some tribe, he tries to hire as
572 comrade either a member or an ally of the tribe, that he
●576 may then ride before his face. A companion protecting the
traveler from both his fellow tribesmen and allies is called
619 a *ḫawi*. To travel with a *ḫawi* is always easier than to travel
before a chief's countenance, because a *ḫawi* can be seen and
heard, whereas the protection of a chief, often living at a
great distance, must be first proved, which not only takes
some time but in most cases is difficult. For this reason the
chief usually gives the traveler in addition to his protection
one of his slaves or servants to act as companion.

In the selection of a *ḫawi* much caution is necessary. The
more powerful and better known his kin, the more can his
protection be depended upon. A common Rwejli is unable to
protect against all the 'Aneze but only against the division
of this group of tribes called Ẓana Muslim. These people have
an old, established custom that whenever any of them eats
a meal with a traveler he also lends him his face, *ḫawijet*
su'ra. In this case it is not necessary at all for the traveler
to ask him to be his *ḫawi*, as any man of the Ẓana Muslim
is bound to deliver him from danger without a special request,
min rejr nab' jefekkeh. Only a culprit fleeing before an avenger
cannot become a *ḫawi*.

One single face protects against all members of the Ẓana
Muslim; the same applies to the Ẓana Bišr and also to all the
'Amârât, the other two great divisions of the 'Aneze. As a

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result, three *ḫawi* suffice for protection against all the ʿAneze from Aleppo to the Nefûd and from the Sirḥân depression to the river Tigris, *lehom waǧh wâḥeḍ*.

With the Šammar it is altogether different. There the most reliable face is furnished by a man either of the Singâra or the ʿAbde. As the Aslam and Tûmân quarrel continually, to traverse their territories with only one *ḫawi* is out of the question. If a traveler meets a Šammari and eats with him, he must nevertheless ask: "Wilt thou give me thy face against the Šammar if I give thee mine against Such-and-Such?" And, if the Šammari agrees, another question is necessary: "Against which Šammar canst thou be my *ḫawi*?" This must be repeated every evening, as a Šammari usually promises for one day only.

The members of the Šarârât tribe, which has no head chief who can dictate to all the clans, *mâ jeḳûl ʿalejhom waḥad*, are not secure even against their own fellow tribesmen. Then it pays to be very exact in inquiring whether the *ḫawi* can protect against the whole of his clan or merely against a few kins. A Šarâri *ḫawi*, too, keeps his engagement for one day only. Should the traveler fail to renew the agreement with him, his *ḫawi* may himself rob him on the next day or make common cause with the robbers.

PROTECTION BY REQUEST

Protection granted by request, *daḫḫâla*, is the basis of all security both of person and property. Whoever is threatened by death or loss of property or whoever thinks that he is being wronged asks protection from him who has the power to give it. At the same time it is everyone's duty to give protection when requested to do so. A refusal would imply weakness, would blacken one's honor, and the man who refuses would be derided at all camp fires for his lack of manly courage. It is, of course, true that no one likes to be asked for protection because of the cruel work full of difficulties and trouble that is involved in it.

One who is oppressed personally has to ask protection of someone more powerful or of a member of an important kin; it is sufficient, however, for him to enter the tent of the one whose protection he desires or even its sacred precincts, *muḥârem*. The precincts begin either at the limits of

CHAPTER XVIII

HOSPITALITY

SALUTATIONS

A salutation, if returned, is a guarantee of safety in the desert, *as-salâm salâme*. If a stranger travels unaccompanied by a *ḫawi* through the territory of a tribe unknown to him and salutes someone—be it only a little girl—and is saluted in return, he may be reasonably certain that he will be neither attacked nor robbed, for even a little girl with all her kin will protect him. Should the fellow tribesmen of the girl attack and rob him, *mâḫûḍ*, he has only to ask the help of her kinsfolk, who must take his part. The girl is the best witness: "A traveler saluted me at such and such a place, of about such and such an age, dressed thus and so, riding on a she-camel," of which she also gives a description. Frequently even an enemy saves himself in this manner when hotly pursued. Realizing that he cannot escape, he suddenly changes his course, returns by a roundabout way to the camp of his pursuers, salutes a child, and, taking its hand, allows himself to be led to the tent of the parents. The adult Bedouins, being more cautious, do not answer at once when saluted by a man they do not know. Especially if two or three are riding together and approach a camp at night, the guard replies to their salute thus:

"Ye are outlawed; I shall not return your salutation; *tarâkom mwaṣṣedîn w-lâ ʿalejkom radd as-salâm*." For an outlawed one, *mwaṣṣed*, is treated like an enemy to whom a salutation is of no use whatever.

The salutation of the traveling Bedouins consists of many sayings, questions, and answers.

The shortest one is: "Be strong [So-and-So]! *ḳawwi* [*flân*]."

The saluted person replies to this: "Welcome to us! *jâ ḥala*."

The traveler then asks: "How art thou? *čejf ent*," and is answered: "May Allâh salute thee! *allâh jesallimk*."

"I wish success to thee, *al-ʿawâfi*."

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"May Allâh grant success to thee! *allâh je'âfik.*"

"How is thy health? *čejf ḥâlak.*"

"May Allâh preserve thy health! *allâh jesallem ḥâlak.*"

"How are thy little sons? *čejf 'ejâlak.*"

"They are well. May Allâh grant success to thee and preserve all that thou lovest! *bel-'âfi allâh je'âfik w-jesallem ṛâlik.*"

The ordinary part of a salutation being exhausted by the foregoing, more particular questions, which are of great importance in the desert, may be asked:

"Whither bound? *wên ent.*" "Where dost thou come from? *min ên ǧît.*" "From where dost thou bless us? *min ên ḥajjît.*" "Tell us some news of the territory thou hast crossed, *'allemna b'ulûmaha.*" "Give us the reports! *hât al-'ulûm.*"

[203] It takes some time to tell of the raids undertaken and the booty obtained, of pastures, watering places, etc., as these accounts, *'ulûm*, in the desert take the place of newspapers and the welfare of the traveler or even of the whole clan often depends on them. If both the saluting men are riding on camels, they halt and, letting their animals graze at will, press their crossed hands against the front saddle knob, sink their heads, converse, and listen. If on foot, they squat on their heels, support themselves by their staves, and talk. At last one of them puts the question:

"Thou didst not mention to us thy last hosts, *mâ ḏakart lena al-ma'âzîb.*"

"They camp at such and such a place. Ye may be there before evening, *terawwehûnahom.*" "They camp not far from your face," or "on your right (or left) hand."

If the travelers ride close by a camp, there is always someone there who goes out to stop them and learn what they know, so that he can relate it in the chief's tent to the [574] others. A traveling Bedouin will hardly ever conceal the position of his late hosts' camp, but women gathering dry fuel or hay almost always keep the whereabouts of their own camp secret and try to direct the traveler to some other camp. They fear lest the unknown man be a spy of the enemy or a robber, and, even if he is not, they do not care for a guest, who naturally adds to their work. At the same time the inquisitiveness of their sex and the desire to bring news home with them, impels them to call the traveler back on the pretext of pointing out the road better. The rider sits in his

2: Musil S-4, 5 (no date) 1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

saddle, the woman stands sideways to him, covering her nose with her left hand, and explains but soon begins to put questions, the answering of which keeps the rider busy.

If a traveler rides close by the herds, the herdsmen run to him from all sides, salute, ask questions, and finally beg: "Would you not give a drink to a thirsty one? *mâ teszûn al-'aṭšân.*"

As a rule, the travelers say they have no water at all. "We have no water, *mâ 'endana ma'*," which means that they will not be delayed. As the water is laden on a camel, it would be necessary first to stop her, to open the bag, pour the water into a pannikin, tie the bag up again, start the camel going, and make sure that the water is not dripping from the bag. Many a thirsty man hardly waits for an answer, but springs to the camel carrying the water, partly opens the bag, drinks, and keeps leaping after the moving animal, with water running down his chin. Having drunk his fill, he holds the bag with his left hand and with his right tries to stop the animal, so that he can tie the bag as it was. The camel, murmuring, resists, the water flows out, and the traveler becomes angry at the loss of water which was to last him for several days. For this reason water is generally refused to the herdsmen unless they bring along fresh camel milk; in this case they are given water in exchange. More pity is shown by the mounted traveler to one on foot. To such he always gives a drink if the next watering place or camp is more than half a day distant.

TRAVELERS' DITTIES

Travelers amuse themselves with the singing of ditties, *taṭwîḥ*, a word which means literally to fill with passion, to cry at the top of one's voice. They are sung in a high voice, *ṛana' b'âli ḥesseh.* One of the riders begins to sing, and as soon as he finishes the first half of the verse it is repeated by the second rider or the whole troop, the first continuing in the meantime to sing the second half of the verse. When he has finished, he intones the first half of the second verse, his comrades keeping silent the while and joining in only when it is complete. In this manner a single double verse is often repeated for a half an hour or even longer.

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DURATION OF HOSPITALITY AND DEPARTURE OF GUESTS

574 The usual or proper hospitality extends to three days and
● 576 a third of the fourth day. The first day should be devoted to salutations, *salâm*, the second to entertainment, *ṭa'âm*, and the third to discussion, *kalâm*. The third of the fourth day is counted as lasting from sunset to the appearance of the morning star. Between this time and sunrise is the correct time for the guest to depart. But he who prepares to leave only after the dew has evaporated on the fourth day, causes his host a good deal of annoyance, for the latter probably wants to begin the day's march to a new camp site or has to watch his camels while their herdsman is eating his breakfast; hence the proverb: "A spotted snake and a guest who either comes or leaves when the dew has gone are esteemed alike! *al-ḥajje ar-raḳṭa' walla-ẓ-ẓejf al-meẓḥi.*"

If the guest, on the third day of his stay, inquires which way to take, the host describes it in detail as if he had to ride at night time: "If ye start at midnight when it is completely dark, go through that defile yonder, *elja ǧahamtom edrebow ma' haḏâk ar-rî'.*" With the Ḥarb tribe alone can the guest leave the tent at any time he likes. Hence the saying: "Whether we leave early in the morning, or when the dew passes, or at noon, in the Ḥarb territory we shall find a road anywhere! *elja ṣbaḥna wa-ṣṭebaḥna w-elja' ẓaḥḥejna w-taraddejna dijâr ḥrûb killha drûb.*"

[672] For three and a third days the host will protect his guest and vouch for him while in his tent. Should he steal anything, the host must give compensation. After his departure the guest remains three and a third days more under the protection or before the countenance of his late host, who will protect him against his fellow tribesmen even to the distance of 150 kilometers. In case the guest is robbed in that time, he returns to his recent host, explains what has happened to him, and the latter, summoning his whole kin, says to them:

"So-and-So was our guest. Our salt and our food are still in his belly, and yet he was wronged by our fellow tribesmen. *Flân ẓâfana w-melḥana w-zâdana bebaṭneh w-naṭal min ǧemâ'atna.*" For it is the duty of the host's kin to assist him in recovering all that his guest has been robbed of.

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When, before the expiration of the three and a third days allotted to the guest's protection, he finds hospitality in one or even two other tents, the first host's duty to protect him, *'eddet al-waǧh*, is by no means ended. Should any wrong be done to him, he first goes to the one of his hosts whom he believes to have the least power. If the latter knows that the accused man holds a stronger position than he with all his kin he says:

"I could do nothing against them. Hasten to thine other host; his saber will reach them all. *Haḍowla-na mâ aḳwa' 'alejhom enhaǧ ila' mu'zebk ṛejri sejfeh ṭâjel 'ala-l-ǧamî'.*"

But if the guest has only one host, who is not very powerful, whilst his violator is a member of a powerful kin, the host with all his kin will conduct the guest to a prominent chief, put himself under his protection, and in this manner fulfill his obligation. No chief would think of refusing to protect a man so situated, since it is the duty of the strong to protect the weak, or, as is said in the desert: "The big horses protect the small ones, *ṭwâl al-ḫejl tehmi ḳṣâraha*," or again: "The weak seeks the protection of the strong, and no one that is weak must be injured, as long as there is a strong man among men; *aẓ-ẓa'îf jelûḏ bel-ḳwi w-lâ jezâm ẓa'îf w-ben-nâs ḳawi.*"

When a guest is found killed, the person finding him reports it to the host with whom he stayed in the last three and a third days, who is then bound to make a search for the murderer. If it is proved that the deed was committed by a fellow tribesman of the host, the latter will compel him to pay the blood price. If the murderer was a stranger, the host will simply send word to his relatives: "Your brother was killed by So-and-So."

After sunrise of the fourth day the host's duty of protection terminates, and he himself may then attack and rob his departed guest.

POEMS RELATING TO GUESTS AND HOSPITALITY

A Rwejli of generous disposition likes to receive guests. They will tell him all kinds of news, praise his generosity in other camps, and furnish him with the opportunity of showing his power should anything befall them. There are poems giving evidence of this.

2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

course, has not yet washed himself, and such an unclean one, *neğes*, would make the wound still worse, *mustarfer*: The visitor salutes with the words: "May thy evil disappear! *jizûl šarrak*." Or: "May it disappear and not come over thee any more! *jizûl w-lâ jiğîk*." To avoid informing the patient that he looks ill, and thus frightening him, the visitor says: "It seems to me thou hast a healthy color, perhaps nothing ails thee," the patient's reply usually being: "By Allâh himself, nothing is the matter with me, merely so and so."

If the patient gets worse, nobody must mourn. "We have a soul, and he has a soul obeying Allâh. *ma'ana nesem w-ma'eh nesem taḥat allâh*." The patient gets worse every Wednesday and Friday, for these are the heavy days, *jowm aṭ-ṭakil*, for him. Likewise every sixth, sixteenth, and twenty-first day of the lunar month aggravates the condition of the patient and spreads the news of his illness, *mubajjeḥ al-ḫabar*.

A demoniac is called *mharfal*. As such they consider the imbecile, the demented, and the insane. If he does not get well soon, he is fettered and allowed to perish of thirst.

If a mad dog, *čalb mṛalûṭ*, bites, *ji'azz*, a man, sulphur is applied to the wound, which is then burned with a red-hot nail. After forty days the injured person generally is stricken with rabies. Then they fetter him and throw hot ashes on his head until he dies

In the case of a snake bite the soothsayer, *ḳarrâj*, is sent for and cures the bitten man with his spittle. The *ḳarrâj* learns this art from a member of the Rifâ'ijje Order at an-Nuḳra in the neighborhood of Damascus, paying one quarter of a *meğîdijje* (22.5 cents) for tuition. No snake can harm a *ḳarrâj*.

Bites of scorpions and poisonous spiders are cured by wrapping the wounded limb in a raw skin or by laying the patient in an oblong pithole, the bottom of which is covered with camel manure thrown over camel urine, *'abas al-bel*. Then, covering the patient up to his head with clay or sand, they build a small fire at his side to make him sweat thoroughly. But to prevent him from falling asleep they shout at him: "O thou who has been bitten by an *'ankabût* spider, wilt thou live or wilt thou die?" He must answer: "I shall live, I shall live, not die!"

A person seriously ill appoints a guardian for his young children with the words: "O So-and-So, I do not know what